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THE REFLECTOR.

[From the New-York Inquirer.]

EDUCATION A PREVENTATIVE OF CRIME.

We have referred with the most painful sensations to the recent murders and assassinations which have stained the annals of our country, in our new and rising Western States. We have heard of an eminent attorney who was stabbed in court—our columns to-day exhibit another assassination by a most respectable man, and another account exhibits an awful instance of murder and suicide. In the name of Heaven, is this state of things to continue? Human laws, however well devised, can never be faithfully executed unless the community intended to be governed are alive to moral and religious impressions. If the vengeance of the Almighty on the first murderer is appalling—if the awful fiat delivered in thunder from Mount Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill," is disregarded, what safety can man find from the effects of ferocious and ungovernable passions? We are not surprised at the view which foreign journalists take of our country—we do not deserve it as a nation, yet we must admit that there is cause for the reflections cast upon us. What is the cause and what is the remedy? We shall state them frankly—a want of moral and religious instruction is the root of the evil. We may say what we please about fanaticism—we may ridicule the everlasting punishment of one sect, and denounce the indifference of an "heretic" of another—we may decry the jarring and ferocious doctrines of sectarians, but we say, give us Religion in its worst shape, rather than no religion at all. Let parents pay attention to children in their infancy and in their youth. At these periods their ductile minds are capable of receiving and will receive "just impressions." See that they walk in the right path—correct them severely for crimes and positive faults—for disobedience—for obstinacy—for passion—for perversee and ungovernable tempers. More perseverance on the part of parents in correcting early and bad impressions, will make good children—good citizens—and good men. We shall hear nothing of crime—of rage—of bad principles—of murder and suicide.—Do we see such things in the Eastern States? Not so—and why? Look at their early instructions, and their good example.

HUMILITY.

Some writers state that he cannot be a pious man who is not at the same time a humble man. No one will be really and uniformly benevolent to his fellow-men, who does not possess humility. Vanity is a most unsocial possession. The portion of time and attention, which mankind are willing to spare from their avocation and pleasures to devote to the admiration of each other, is so small, that every successful adventure is felt to have impaired the common stock. The success of one is the disappointment of multitudes. Hence a man in whom vanity is a strong passion, is necessarily led to regard his rival as his enemy, and repine at his success. At least, his heart will be gradually formed to profound indifference to the welfare of others. Attentive only to himself instead of feeling tenderness for his fellow-creatures, as members of the same family, beings with whom he is appointed to act, to suffer, and to sympathize, he considers life as a stage on which he is performing a part, and mankind only as spectators who stand by to admire and applaud.

But if you doubt the incompatibility of pride with real christian benevolence, consider but for a moment, the general condition of human existence. Recollect how much we are compelled to endure in the common intercourse of life, from the opposing claims of our neighbors; how often our plans cross each other, our designs interfere, and our interests are unavoidably at variance. Here then the field opens for the exertion of benevolence. And do you expect that he who is constantly fostering an idea of his supe-

riority to others, will be ready to yield, or accommodate his claim to theirs?—When his plans are opposed, his superiority denied, his claims slighted, is this the man from whom you are to expect moderation and benevolence?

What are you to hope from a man, whose thoughts are continually occupied with his own perfections, who never stirs from the narrow circle which pride and the selfishness of pride have drawn around him? No, the sentiment of a uniform and general benevolence is too exalted to be felt by any other than the man of lowliness. He only, who thinks himself sent into the world, not for himself alone, but to fulfil the purposes of God; who feels that he is only a humble instrument in his hands, and that he is honored by the privilege of serving him, and his fellow-men; he alone it is, whose feelings are sublime enough, whose heart is wide enough, to take to its embrace the whole family of mankind.

The tendency and design of humility is to persuade us to cultivate and practice it—it is not an easy duty. It is not only opposed to many of the favorite maxims of the world, but to many of the most powerful propensities of our own hearts. Think then more of your faults, and less of your virtues.

THE REPOSITORY.

[Extracts from a Lawyer's Port-Folio.]

AN ASSIGNMENT.

During one of the long vacations in the last century, a young man in an ordinary hunting-dress, with a single dog by his side, was stopped in his stroll through an obscure glen by a very singular object. The sides of this glen were so steep and lofty, that they hardly admitted light enough to discover the course of a stream, more noisy than deep, which ran among broken rocks under natural arches. A narrow unfrequented road led into the depths of the valley, where a grey horse was quietly grazing, and at a little distance a man in black, sat on one of the stones in the middle of the brook in a composed and meditative attitude. A position so extraordinary, attracted the sportsman's attention, and he inquired, in a courteous accent, if the place afforded good sport for an angler. The solitary student raised his hat, and replied, in a peculiar tone of gravity, "Sir, I am discriminating."—His observer hazarded a remark on the inconvenience of his seat, for the water was now flowing rather above the stones, but the man in black answered, "You are mistaken, sir!—any place is fit for discrimination.—If you were a lawyer, sir, you would know, that on all occasions it is fitting and necessary to discriminate.—If you are a trustee, and the estate is charged with debts—let the creditors wait.—If you have an executorship, and the legatees are clamorous, keep the funds while you discriminate—for a few years. Now the business in question is an Assignment—certain heritors in this country have assigned, granted, deposed, and made over sundry lands, tithes, tenements, and annual rents, to a certain person for the benefit of certain aforesaid; and now, sir, Auld Mahoun is in it if this person cannot keep this estate himself all his life, provided he takes a man of business into keeping too, and discriminates properly." "Pardon me," said the young sportsman, laughing: "if I think the most interesting point just now is how to discriminate between a wet coat and a dry one—and I have not the honor of knowing the person you call Auld Mahoun."—"If that bag you carry was a bag of briefs," replied the gentleman in the brook, "I flatter myself you would be very well acquainted with him. In South Britain, sir, his usual cognomine is Nicholas or Harry senior, and, as old Bishop Latimer truly said, he is the best lawyer of us all, for he never misses his business."

Though the young stranger could not determine whether his new acquaintance was influenced by wine or insanity, there was something so ridiculously contrasted in the gravity of his discourse and the seat he had chosen, that he thought the sport of shooting well exchanged for this scene. Perceiving his attentive air, the black gentleman resumed his oration: "In the church of St. Benignus, at Dijon, there is the statue of a queen with one foot resembling a goose's; and one of my merry clients, sir, wrote under it—'this is the law'—but as three such statues may be found in France, the jest might be extended to other professions."

"Sir," answered the youth, bowing, "when a client jests, his lawyer must be an honorable one."—"Very true, young gentleman, a merry client is a rarity: but heirs and executors never joke so well with lawyers as with physicians, because our mistakes are above ground, and a physician's are under it.—Sir, you look as if you thought mine were likely to be under water, but this brook is a copy of my bill in chancery—always running—running—running on; and I am where I choose to be, among troubled waters." Before he could articulate the word, he fell from his seat into the water, and remained motionless.

The stranger stood aghast at this tragical conclusion of the farce, and made fruitless attempts to raise the body, which cramp or spasms had distorted. He succeeded, however, in drawing it out of the stream, whose chillness had probably occasioned the disaster; and perceiving the grey horse saddled and bridled as if it had belonged to this unfortunate man, he mounted him, and leaving his dog to guard the body, rode to the town of K—, about two miles distant, to seek assistance. It was still a very early hour in the morning, and the master of an obscure Inn, with two or three laborers, rose to accompany him back. Much time was lost by their hesitation, and when they reached Glencraig, the stranger's body was gone, and the dog lay dead beside the brook.—Grief and astonishment were the young man's only feelings; but his companions viewed and questioned him with evident suspicion. The brook ran rapidly through the glen, deepening and growing broader till it reached the bay near K. where the small river Dee joins the western sea. One of the spectators followed its course, and discovered a pocket-book floating, and not yet entirely moistened. Its contents had probably been rifled, as it now contained only the rough draft of an assignment, in which blanks were left for dates and the names of persons and places. There was much agitation in the youth's features, when he saw this document, and his seeming anxiety to keep it in his own possession increased the wary Scotch Innkeeper's suspicions. He conveyed him instantly to the Provost of K. whose questions were answered with obvious confusion and incoherence. His name, he said, was Evan M'Querie, and his place of abode a small farm on the neighboring coast, which he had tenanted a few weeks. He could not, or would not, give any references for his character: and the steward of the Nobleman whose land he held, only knew that he came from England, and had paid a half-year's rent in advance. If he was acquainted with more, he did not venture to communicate it, and a most suspicious obscurity gathered around Evan.

The ambiguity and reserve of his statements respecting his family and former life, his sullenness, and ill-concealed anxiety, justified the prejudice which arose against him. He imputed the stains on his apparel to the sport he had pursued on that fatal morning, but bills of large amount on the bank of Scotland were found upon him, and the lost stranger's pocket-book had in its inner recess a pencilled list of bills, whose dates and value appeared to have been hastily effaced. And a silver penknife which tallied with the dog's mortal wound, was found in Glencraig, with the initials E. M. Evan professed that his house had been robbed a few nights before, by two of the privileged mendicants still frequent in Scotland, and begged the magistrate to observe that the collar of his dog had been stolen since he left it near the brook. But this excuse would have availed little, had not the most rigorous search been insufficient to recover the body; and the stranger's death being thus rendered uncertain, the suspected prisoner was released after a long delay, but not without whispered hints of bribery, which pursued him to the obscure dwelling where he lived with only one servant in abhorred solitude.

I returned, about the close of the eighteenth century, from a long absence in the West Indies, and found myself charged with some professional duties which required my presence in Scotland. One of these duties was to ascertain the truth of some mysterious rumors respecting a wreck said to have happened on the western coast; and my visit to a Nobleman in that neighborhood enabled me to make inquiries. He informed me, that Evan M'Querie had purchased from him the land he formerly tenanted and was considered wealthy, though his mode of life was sordid and laborious. Part of his wealth was generally ascribed to the mysterious affair of Glencraig, and part to the wreck of a small trading vessel on the coast which his estate bor-

dered. Advertisements in provincial papers had offered large rewards for a certain trunk supposed to contain the jewels and purse of a young English heiress, who had sailed in that unfortunate vessel to join the unknown adventurer she had married clandestinely. The crew and passengers had perished; but Evan M'Querie, who was supposed to visit the coast nightly at that period in expectation of contraband consignments, had, probably, found the chest among less valuable articles which the waves had thrown on shore. Very soon after, he became a proprietor instead of farmer; and strange rumors were whispered of the cautious and deep solitude he seemed to seek. The event of the wreck had long since ceased to be a subject of conversation, and on inquiries had been pursued: therefore the elder neighbors surmised that the Laird M'Querie had begun to relax in his precautions, as his female servant had been seen at kirk and market, in remnants of yellow lace and silk gloves, which were deemed a part of the spoils found in the lost bridal chest. My curiosity was excited by these details, and my friendly host supplied me with a pretext to visit the suspected man in his own mansion. It stood at the foot of an unsightly hill, half-encircled by a rude plantation of dwarf firs in a hollow, sloping towards the rocky cove celebrated in the legends of shipwreck. The swampy and neglected grass-plot before the door, fenced on one side by an irregular peat-stack, and on the other by a half-ruined tenement for poultry, indicated the squalid habits of its master.—He opened the door himself, fearing perhaps to trust a stranger with the decrepit female who officiated as his only domestic: and finding that I came on maudlin business from his neighbor, he conducted me into a room fit for the residence of a man who hated because he feared his fellow-creatures. Evan now appeared in more than his fortieth year; and though his person was grown broad and robust, his height was greatly diminished by the constant stoop of his head and the contraction of his chest. The dark brown acquired by labor in the sun and wind, could not entirely cover a greenish sallowness in his complexion, and his thick black hair was streaked with grey. Shunned by his few neighbors, he had adopted the clownish dress and hoarse accent of his dependents; and a kind of scornful fierceness mingled with the anxiety which I could perceive in his eyes when he viewed me askance. My dog, who had followed me reluctantly into this gloomy house, after scenting the wooden panels of its owner's close bed, and looking wistfully at the oat cakes and fish hung over the smoked ingle, couched himself with great caution on the hearth. The Laird glanced at his collar, and asked leave to examine its inscription—"Nec deficit alter."—"That, as you may perceive by the initials," said I, "is not the motto of my family; and if it was changed into 'Nec deficit alter,' it would be more appropriate, perhaps, to the real owner." The blue gloom of Evan's eyes threatened lightning at this speech, but I had considered my purpose and pursued it.—"My business in Scotland is to inquire if any traces have been preserved of the wreck which occurred here more than sixteen years since. The daughter of a Northumbrian baronet is supposed to have perished on this coast, and her father before her death assigned his estates to me in trust for her benefit, and for his distant relatives in the event of her disease without offspring. A provision is also allotted to her husband, if he survives her; but it seems most probable that he shared her fate in the foundered sloop. I am authorized to give an ample recompense to any one who can trace or restore the chest which accompanied her."

The Laird's complexion changed, and his agitation strongly resembled guilt.—"Mr. M'Querie," I continued, in a stern tone, "this silver knife is Ellen Maxwell's—perhaps you found it among the relics of the wreck?—He grew paler, but his eye became more intrepid, and he seemed collecting his strength for a desperate effort.—"This," said he, after a long pause, "is another result of the prejudice against me. That knife was mine long before the wreck, and was in the hands of a magistrate on an occasion even more melancholy. I am innocent of both the crimes imputed to me."—This ready consciousness of suspicion implied more than innocence, and I again offered a premium for the surrender of the jewels, adding that I saw the chest itself under the pannels of his bed. He rose, and advanced towards me with a startling and suddenness. "Though you have entered my house to disturb my reputation, you will not find it so easy to disturb my property. Chance threw

that chest into my hands, and I keep it by the right of a husband: Ellen Maxwell was my wife."

This unexpected confession deranged all the gravity of my professional face, and I shook him cordially by the hand, with a smile which, I suppose, recalled the youthful expression of my features. He gave a cry of transport, and embraced me. It was not easy for me to recover voice enough to tell him, that when my stupor of intoxication and epilepsy had induced him to leave me in Glencraig, I had been found by two vagrant beggars, who probably destroyed the dog before they robbed me. I recovered my senses in sufficient time to see them hastening down the glen; but having no recollection of the place where my horse had been left, or of any thing that had passed before my trance, I made haste to reach the town of K. where I found the vessel in which my passage to Liverpool was secured on the point of sailing. Her boat received me before I entered the town, and I left Great Britain for the West Indies without leisure or inclination to inquire after the robbers, and without any memorial of the adventure except the collar of the faithful dog who had died in my defence. "You see," concluded I, "my old habit of discriminating remains; and as your father-in-law died lately without revoking his assignment, it will enable me to shew my gratitude for the hazard you incurred in Glencraig, which I never knew till to-day; and to prove that a lawyer may love justice, though he may be found sometimes among troubled waters."

Evan M'Querie soon furnished me with documents sufficient to certify his marriage with the lady I have mentioned. He had hired the small farm-house of Glencraig for her reception when he came incognito to Scotland, and her untimely death on the coast where she had hoped to meet him, added to the disgraceful prejudice raised against him, occasioned the deep seclusion to which he retired. He emerged from it with a retrieved name and an ample competence, which atoned for undesired sufferings, and proved the fallibility of circumstantial evidence.

For myself, I must confess, that on the eventful morning which began this narrative, my imagination was bewildered by the splendid profits derivable from the assignment. My narrow escape from death arrested and chastised my wandering thoughts, with a force which would have been doubly awful had I then discovered that I owed it to the man whose property I was tempted to infringe.—Since that period, though the law has guarded the instrument called an assignment, with infinite formalities and precautions, I have never considered it in the course of my professional career, without wishing that such a warning may befall every man who executes or receives a deed of trust.

COL. AARON BURR.

Who some years ago occupied so large a space in the public arena, is now a practising lawyer at the New-York bar. He sustains a very high reputation for talents and legal acquirements; and is in independent circumstances. A casual visitor in the city, who chooses to pass an hour or two in the vicinity of Tammany Hall, will generally notice a small, delicate, white haired man, moving about in meditative mood, alone, and noticing no one—a man whose keen eye and expressive countenance, where age has in vain struggled to quench the fire of genius, and whose appearance, bespeaking the finished gentleman, will arrest all his attention. That man is Aaron Burr—who was one day Vice President of the United States; the next a fugitive from the blood of Hamilton; at another time mounted on the whirlwind of revolution, and meditating the dissolution of the Union and the building up of a southern monarchy; and then, a prisoner, answering to the charge of high treason at the bar of his country. A man, who, perhaps, considered with reference to the powers of mind alone, had no superior;—has no superior. But he left the path of honorable virtue; and he is, what you may see him—a solitary being in the midst of society; pointed out to the passing stranger as a more object of curiosity.—*Trenton Emporium.*

BENEFIT OF WHISKERS. During a thunder storm, the lightning struck a building in Duaneburg, where many persons were assembled, and played round the head of a gentleman, scorching his whiskers, which were so thick as to protect his face. *Nat. Reg.*

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ACROSTIC.

Attentive to friends—to his family kind;
Bestow'd with a cheerful, benevolent mind;
No thoughts of revenge ever dwell with him
here—
Err'y due to friendship e'er held his life
dear—
Remembrance oft brings his belov'd image
near.

Return'd to the dust, lo! his star has now
set—

Attach'd to his virtues, we ne'er can forget:
While continuing here, no *Daim* can be found
Sufficient to heal such a heart-rending wound.
One comfort remains—the belief he is blest,
Near *Christ*, in his kingdom, forever at rest.

R. C.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE DOVE.

"O tell where the Dove has flown,
To build her downy nest;
And I would search the world around,
To win her to my breast.

I sought her in the rosy bower,
Where pleasure holds her reign;
And fancy flies from flower to flower—
But there I sought in vain.

I sought her in the grove of love—
I knew her tender heart;
Yet she has flown, the peaceful Dove,
And left the traitor's dart.

Up an ambition's craggy hill,
The pensive bird might stray;
I sought her there, but vainly still,
She never drew that way.

Faith's mild and shed a tender tear,
To see me search around;
Then whispers, I can tell thee where
The bird may yet be found.

By meek Religion's humble cot,
She builds her downy nest;
O seek the sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast.

W.

THE OLIO.

[From the Johnstown Republican.]

BATTLE OF JOHNSTOWN.

The following account of the battle, fought between the Americans and the British in the Revolutionary War, near this village, is from the most respectable source, and can be relied on as correct. The battle was fought on what is called the "Hall Farm," within sight of this village, where some of the remains of a ditch which was then dug for an intrenchment, as is supposed, are still visible. Every scrap of the history of our Revolutionary War is worth preserving, and this no doubt will be very interesting to the public. It is the first account of the battle, we believe, that has ever been published.

On the 24th of October, 1781, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Col. Marinus Willett, then commanding on the Northern Frontiers of the State of New-York, received advice that a considerable hostile force had been discovered in the upper part of the Mohawk District. At 1 o'clock on the 25th, he had advanced within two miles of Port Hunter, with between 4 and 500 levies and militia, who on the emergency had been collected to oppose the enemy. Intelligence was there received, that the enemy had crossed the river and were marching to Johnstown. Col. Willett proceeded by the shortest route to meet the enemy, and determined to attack them with all possible despatch. Within two miles of Johnstown, he ordered his left wing, by a circuit through the woods, to fall upon their right flank, and his right to advance in front. The latter soon came in sight of the enemy, displayed in an adjoining field and advanced towards them. The enemy retired with precipitation to a wood, close pressed by the advance, and considerable skirmishing ensued. While the remainder of the right wing were advancing briskly in two columns, the whole corps without any apparent cause, turned and fled without the possibility of being rallied. Owing to this, a small field-piece placed upon an eminence, to secure a retreat, was captured. At this critical moment, Major Rowley, of Massachusetts, appeared in the enemy's rear, with the left wing, composed of militia and about sixty levies from that State. This reinforcement soon gave the enemy a total defeat, and regained all which was lost. Night came on: the enemy leaving many of their packs, retreated into the woods, and after a march of six miles encamped on a mountain. On the 27th Col. Willett marched to the German Flatts, to intercept the enemy on their return to their boats, left a little below Oneida Creek. On the 28th, provisioned about 400 men besides Indians, to pursue the enemy, who had crossed the Mohawk at Fort Herkimer. On the 29th, marched 20 miles in a snow storm through the woods. At 8 o'clock in the morning of the 30th, fell in with the enemy's rear; killed some, took and dispersed the rest. The main body made a rapid retreat, but were warmly pursued until night—they made but one stand during the day, at a very bad ford on Canada Creek, where Major Butler, and several more [of the enemy] were killed. The enemy who had been four days in the wilderness, with only half a pound of horse flesh per man, retreated 30 miles without stopping—many were sacrificed in consequence. Packs and blankets were strewn on their route, and all the horses except five were taken. The enemy's loss was very severe, as the field at Johnstown, the marshes and woods through which they retreated, were strewn with their killed and wounded. According to a return found in Major Butler's pocket, the hostile

force sent on this expedition, amounted to 607 men, including Indians; and only 220 returned to Canada. The Americans consisted of 400 levies and militia and about 60 Oneida Indians.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUESTS.

About sixty years ago, two Englishmen one day arrived at Calais in the Dover packet. They did not take up their quarters at the hotel of Mons. Dessein, on whom the author of the *Sentimental Journey* bestowed such celebrity, but went to an obscure inn, kept by a man of the name of Du Long. They desired to have his best apartments, spent a great deal of money, relished the produce of his wretched kitchen, and thought his adulterated wine perfectly genuine. From day to day Du Long supposed they would continue their journey, and proceed to the capital; for that they had come merely to see Calais was an idea too absurd to enter any body's head. But so far from continuing their journey, and proceeding to the capital, they did not even inspect what was worth seeing at Calais; for, except going out now and then to shoot snipes, they kept close at home, eating, drinking, and doing nothing. "They may be spies," thought the host, "or runaways, or fools. No matter; what is that me? They pay honestly." When he was sitting in an evening over a pint with his neighbor and relation, the grocer, they used to rack their brains about the mysterious guests. "They are spies," said the grocer; "one of them squints with his left eye." "A man may squint without being a spy," rejoined the host; "I should take them for runaways, for they read all my newspapers, probably for the sake of advertisements." His kinsman then assured him that all Englishmen spend at least a twelfth part of their lives in reading newspapers. The conclusion to which they generally came was that as the said foreigners were apparently neither spies nor runaways, they could not possibly be any thing else than Fools. Here the matter rested. In this opinion Du Long was still more confirmed when, at the end of a few weeks, one of his guests, an elderly man, thus addressed him:—"Landlord," said he, "we like your house; and if you will acquiesce in a certain whim, it is probable that we might continue for a long time to spend our money with you." "Your honors have only to give your commands; an innkeeper is, by profession, the slave of all the whims that throng to him from all the four quarters of the globe." "You have, to be sure," continued he, "had a prodigiously large beast painted on your sign; but your house is only a fly among inns; it scarcely contains three tolerable rooms, and unfortunately they all look into the street. We are fond of rest; we want to sleep. Your watchman has a very loud voice and the coaches roll the whole night along the street, so as to make all the windows rattle. We wake every quarter of an hour to curse them, and fall asleep again, to be again waked in another quarter of an hour. You must admit, my dear fellow, that this is enough to destroy our health and exhaust our patience." The host shrugged his shoulders. "How can it be helped?" "Very easily," replied the stranger, "if you are not afraid of a little expense, in which we will go halves, without requiring at our departure the smallest compensation." Du Long, whose barren field had, since the arrival of the Englishmen, been daily fertilized with a shower of guineas, promised to do all that lay in his power to satisfy his guests, but he could not help the rattling of the coaches and bellowing of the watchman. "Neither is it necessary," answered the stranger. "Behind your house you have a little garden, though you are no lover of gardening; for, except a little parsley for your soups, I observe nothing in it but nettles. The old garden wall too, in spite of its thickness, is just ready to tumble. Suppose you were to make use of this space to run up a little building, a sort of pleasure house, even if it were to contain no more than a couple of rooms. It might be supported by the old wall, by which means a considerable part of the expense would be spared, and the wall itself would be propped up. As I just now mentioned, for the sake of a quiet lodging, we would willingly defray one half of the costs, and when we are gone the building will be yours; you will then have an additional couple of convenient rooms to let. If, on the other hand, you object to our proposal, we must leave you." The host, however, had not the least objection, though he thought within himself—"My kinsman and I were right enough in concluding that these people were Fools." He immediately sent for a bricklayer; the place was examined, and the Englishmen described what they should like to have done. Joists and bricks were quickly brought; three light walls were run up, the old garden wall formed the fourth, from which sloped a half roof; so that the whole looked more like a wood-house than a habitation; but the strangers were satisfied, and Du Long laughed in his sleeve. Two months thus passed in mutual content: the golden spring flowed abundantly, though the wine grew worse and worse every

day. The two Englishmen very seldom quitted their lodging, where they ate, drank, and read the newspapers. The only thing that surprised the landlord of the Golden Elephant was, that for the sake of nocturnal repose they had built a house for themselves, and that now he perceived a light the whole night through in their apartments. He once conjectured they might be coiners; but as all the money they spent passed through his hands, and their guineas, after a most careful examination, were always found to be good, his kinsman and he had again no alternative than to set them down for fools. One fine day in autumn he saw them go out with their guns slung over their shoulders. They told them they were going to take the diversion of snipe shooting, and look leave of him for three days. The three days passed, and so did the fourth, but the strangers did not make their appearance. On the fifth, Du Long shook his head; on the sixth, his kinsman began to shake his also; on the seventh, this suspicious circumstance was communicated to the police; and on the eighth, the deserted habitation was broken open with all the formalities of law. On the table was found a billet, the contents of which were as follows:—"Dear Landlord—If you have any acquaintance with history, you must know that the English were once, during a period of two hundred and ten years, in possession of Calais; that they were at length driven out of it by the Duke of Guise, who treated them in the same manner as our Edward III. did the French; that is, drove them out of the town and seized all their effects. Not long since, we were so fortunate as to discover, in a chest of old parchments, deeds that proved that one of our ancestors formerly possessed at Calais a large house, on the site of which three houses stand at present; yours is one of the three. When our ancestor was obliged to flee, he buried his gold and silver at the foot of a thick wall, which is still in existence. Among his papers we found one which afforded satisfactory information respecting the situation of the building. We immediately repaired to Calais, and luckily found a public house on the spot so interesting to us; we took lodgings in it, examined every thing, and concerted measures to take possession of our lawful inheritance without exciting notice. In what manner we removed all obstacles is well known to you. The great hole, and the empty iron chest, which you will find under the wall in our chamber, are proofs that we have been successful. We make you a present of the chest, and advise you to fill up the hole, and to give yourself no further concern about us; all inquiries will be vain, as the names we went by were only assumed. Farewell." The landlord of the Golden Elephant stood stock still, and with open mouth. His kinsman came: both looked at the hole, and then at the empty chest, and then at one another, and agreed that the strangers were not such fools as they had taken them for.

[From the French of La Grange.]

ROBESPIERRE.

Robespierre is a man of middling stature, of a disagreeable figure, that indicates more vivacity than mind. Even in his most calm moments he can scarcely disguise the malice and wickedness which are said to predominate in his heart, and to express which his features seem to have been specially formed. He distinguished himself in the Constituent Assembly by the violence of his speeches, and he has distinguished himself still more in the Jacobin Society by the violence of his measures. His eloquence consists in invective against tyrants and aristocrats, and in declamation in favor of liberty. His speeches are destitute of argument, but occasionally, very fertile in flowers of rhetoric. Robespierre passes for an enthusiast, rather than a hypocrite. Some, however, think him both, which indeed is not without example. For my own part, he appears to me to deserve the former character much more than the latter. He has always refused every kind of lucrative office. He is anxious for popularity; but not for riches; and even his enemies, who detest many traits in his character, admit that he is proof against the corruption which is induced by avarice.

[From the Scholastic Republican.]

THE RITER BIT.

A travelling tin merchant, from the land of "wooden nutmegs, and horn gun-flints," while moving with his portable ware-house through an adjoining town, called upon a very shrewd descendant of St. Crispin, or, in other words, a pretty "wide awake" shoemaker, who having on hand a Plattsburg dollar bill, thought the present opportunity a very fine one for disposing of it—beside the immortal honor he would acquire by having "sucked in a Yankee peddler," a consideration of no small importance, it being generally believed a very difficult point to accomplish. He accordingly bought a tin paste horn, and giving a knowing wink to the by-standers, offered his Plattsburg bill, and requested the change. The peddler looked grave, and shook his head—he did not like the

bill, he said, for he had heard the bank was down. Crispin said "there was no such thing—the report was set afloat by brokers and speculators, men not to be relied upon—the bills were perfectly good; as good as specie—and, as to that matter, a little better, because it was less trouble to carry it;" and all the spectators joined with him in recommending the bill to be a good bill, and the bank that issued it to be a bank of "exceeding good repute." The bill being so highly recommended, the unsuspecting peddler put it into his pocket, and handed out the change—the by-standers put on long faces—the shoe-maker laughed behind his ears, and no one looked really honest but the peddler. But trading did not stop here; Crispin, elated with his success, offered to sell the man of tin, a lot of shoes at a reduced price for cash. The peddler bargained for them at \$10, deposited the shoes in his cart-box, paid the amount in Plattsburg bills, and drove leisurely off, whistling the old tune of "Catch a Fleazle asleep."

IRISH BILLS.

The following extract of a letter is said to have been written to a friend in London, by an Irish Baronet in 1793:

My Dear Sir,—Enjoying now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from those blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed or dispersed. We are in a pretty mess—can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink, except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed; and while I write this letter I hold a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing hither under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately, every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them; we soon found our force much too little; and they were far too many for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. Their uniform was all of different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without any heads. Troops are placed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in haste. Your's truly,

VISIAN PICK.

Some of our Journals have lately repeated Tom Sheridan's facetious equivoque to his father when he advised him to take a wife—"I have no objection, Sir; whose wife shall I take?" An equivalent to, if not the original of which we remember to be of some standing in Warwickshire. Sir —, a Justice of the Peace, had frequently had before him, at the suit of the parish, Farmer B —, whose love of intrigue often brought him into paternal scrapes. One day, while his Worship sat with my lady, it was announced that the worthy Farmer, in charge of the Constable, attended for a hearing touching one of his usual misdoings. My lady was requested to leave the room during the examination; and on going away met the culprit—"Ah! John, John! (said she) why do you meddle with the girls—why don't you get a wife?" Poor John scratched his head apologetically, and replied, "So I does, ma Lady, some times, but then their husbands are so damned mad!"

CROSS READINGS.

Lost, Some time last week, a large Tin Liner shall be rewarded with a fine set of teeth.

Found, A small black morocco Pocket-book, containing an account of—two blunders and five kisses.

A man was lately sent to the State-prison for two years, for having in his possession, with an intent to pass the same as true—an unlucky habit of cracking his fingers.

A lady in high life has separated from—1000 yards of straw-braid.

Last night, between the hours of 11 and 12, the citizens of this town were alarmed by—three loud and deep-toned snores.

ASA BARTON, AGENT.

HAS just received and offers for sale—62 Young Hyson Tea at 21—Souchong at 22—Coffee at 30—Tobacco at 20 cts. per pound—Raisins—Spices—Pepper—Ginger—Capparas—Alum—Blue Vitrol—Starch, &c.—all which are of the first quality.

Also—Sherrings at 12—Whittings at 12 1/2 cts. per yard—Satinets—Checks—Tribes—Yarns—Threads, &c.

Linen—A good assortment of Calicoes; Cambrics; Mullins; Laces; Edgings; Insertings; Frills; Ruffs; Pinnings; Corsets; Braids; Gimps; Ribbons; Mantles; Shawls; Crapes; Dresses; &c.—to be sold Cheap.

Sept. 21.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, is a new and complete set of the

CANAL LOT.

As the sale of tickets will not be a drawing of the 8th class of the BERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOT, on the 19th inst. it is necessarily postponed for a few days. The Managers will shortly fix the day on which the class will positively be drawn.

P. VARNUM, Managers.

Sept. 8, 1836.

A few good Chances for Prize in the above Lottery, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. Sept. 21.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers, a Committee appointed by the inhabitants of Hebron, to contract for making the Road from John Lovell's to Pigeon Hill, in said town, give notice, that they are ready to receive proposals for making said road, or any part thereof, as may best suit those who may wish to contract.

Any who are desirous of contracting are invited to examine the ground and submit their proposals to either of said Committee on or before Tuesday the third day of October next, at which time the making of said Road will be put up at Auction, at the old School-house in District No. six, in said town, at one o'clock P. M. unless previously contracted for. The extent of the Road to be made is about four miles and thirty rods, crossing the Little Androscoggin River, over which a Bridge is to be built.

CYRUS SHAW,

STEPHEN MYRICK,

ISAAC WHITEHEAD, Jr.

Hebron, Sept. 15, 1836. 2w 116

NEW BOOKS!

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore—Warcester's Gazetteer, 2 vols. octavo, latest edition; Morse's Universal Geography, 2 vols. octavo; Abernethy's Surgical and Physiological Works; Gent's Study of Medicine; Johnson on the Liver, Richard's Anatomy; Thomas's Practice; Medical Chemistry, &c.

Also—The Rambler, by Johnson; Montgomery's, Cowper's, Campbell's and Hogg's Poems.

Lectures—The Instrumental Director, new edition; Drum and Fife Instructor, new edition.

Sept. 11.

NOTICE!

HEREBY GIVEN—The Anniversary of the Tyngsboro' Adelphe Society, will be celebrated on the eleventh day of October next. Exercises to commence at half past ten A. M. precisely. Oration to be pronounced by William Ladd, Esq. of Minot.

Pet order of the President.

GEORGE C. WHITNEY, Secretary of T. A. Society. 116

MILITARY.

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Scott's Militia Tactics; Also—1 pair good Epaulette.

Legers for Debt and Credit on the same page—Day Books—Record Books, &c.—Sponge—India Rubber—Lead Pencils—Drawing Paper, &c.

Sept. 7.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, 25.
PURSUANT to Warrants from ELIAS THOMAS, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty five, viz:

Township No. 2, Second Range, \$ 67
No. 2, letter A, 7 26

I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-house, in Paris, on MONDAY, the twenty third day of OCTOBER next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of Oxford County. Hebron, Aug. 26, A. D. 1836. 1w 113

SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, a new and complete edition of the Holy Bible, in 10 vols. bound in elegant leather, with a new and popular work, 2 vols.

Grammar of Astronomy—Easy Lessons in Geography, &c. &c. Sept. 11.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given to all persons indebted to MORSE & HALL, by Note or Account, of more than Eight Months standing, are requested to make payment to them previous to the first of November next, or they will be left with an Attorney for collection.

Paris, Aug. 11, 1836. 11w 111

NOTICE.

WHEREAS my Mother, SEYMOUR BROCK, has left my house, where I have made suitable provision for her support, and made application to the Overseers of the town for assistance—This is to forbid all persons furnishing her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

JOHN BROCK. Hebron, Sept. 8, 1836. 11w

A new supply of RITZOR and PEARSON'S MATHS RAZOR STRAPS just received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

Aug. 1.

The Observer

Is published every Thursday morning, by ASA BARTON,

(FOR THE YEAR 1837) at \$2 50 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1/2 per cent. to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

The Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for the insertion.

Aug. 31.

VOL.

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EDUCATION

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OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.]

PARIS, (Maine,) THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1826.

[NO. 118.]

THE REFLECTOR.

[From the New-York Inquirer.]

EDUCATION A PREVENTATIVE OF CRIME.

We have referred with the most painful sensations to the recent murders and assassinations which have stained the annals of our country, in our new and rising Western States. We have heard of an eminent attorney who was stabbed in court—our columns to-day exhibit another assassination by a most respectable man, and another account exhibits an awful instance of murder and suicide. In the name of Heaven, is this state of things to continue? Human laws, however well devised, can never be faithfully executed unless the community intended to be governed are alive to moral and religious impressions. If the vengeance of the Almighty on the first murderer is appalling—if the awful fiat delivered in thunder from Mount Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill," is disregarded, what safety can man find from the effects of ferocious and ungovernable passions? We are not surprised at the view which foreign journalists take of our country—we do not deserve it as a nation, yet we must admit that there is cause for the reflections cast upon us. What is the cause and what is the remedy? We shall state them frankly—a want of moral and religious instruction is the root of the evil. We may say what we please about fanaticism—we may ridicule the everlasting punishment of one sect, and denounce the indifference of an "heretic" of another—we may decry the jarring and ferocious doctrines of sectarians, but we say, give us Religion in its worst shape, rather than no religion at all. Let parents pay attention to children in their infancy and in their youth. At these periods their ductile minds are capable of receiving and will receive "just impressions." See that they walk in the right path—correct them severely for crimes and positive faults—for disobedience—for obstinacy—for passion—for perverse and ungovernable tempers. More perseverance on the part of parents in correcting early and bad impressions, will make good children—good citizens—and good men. We shall hear nothing of crime—of rage—of bad principles—of murder and suicide.—Do we see such things in the Eastern States? Not so—and why? Look at their early instructions, and their good example.

HUMILITY.

Some writers state that he cannot be a pious man who is not at the same time a humble man. No one will be really and uniformly benevolent to his fellow-men, who does not possess humility. Vanity is a most unsocial possession. The portion of time and attention, which mankind are willing to spare from their avocation and pleasures to devote to the admiration of each other, is so small, that every successful adventure is felt to have impaired the common stock. The success of one is the disappointment of multitudes. Hence a man in whom vanity is a strong passion, is necessarily led to regard his rival as his enemy, and repine at his success. At least, his heart will be gradually formed to profound indifference to the welfare of others. Attentive only to himself instead of feeling tenderness for his fellow-creatures, as members of the same family, beings with whom he is appointed to act, to suffer, and to sympathize, he considers life as a stage on which he is performing a part, and mankind only as spectators who stand by to admire and applaud.

But if you doubt the incompatibility of pride with real christian benevolence, consider but for a moment, the general condition of human existence. Recollect how much we are compelled to endure in the common intercourse of life, from the opposing claims of our neighbors; how often our plans cross each other, our designs interfere, and our interests are unavoidably at variance. Here then the field opens for the exertion of benevolence. And do you expect that he who is constantly fostering an idea of his superiority to others, will be ready to yield, or accommodate his claim to theirs?—When his plans are opposed, his superiority denied, his claims slighted, is this the man from whom you are to expect moderation and benevolence?

What are you to hope from a man, whose thoughts are continually occupied with his own perfections, who never stirs from the narrow circle which pride and the selfishness of pride have drawn around him? No, the sentiment of a uniform and general benevolence is too exalted to be felt by any other than the man of lowliness. He only, who thinks himself sent into the world, not for himself alone, but to fulfil the purposes of God; who feels that he is only a humble instrument in his hand, and that he is honored by the privilege of serving him, and his fellow-men; he alone it is, whose feelings are sublime enough, whose heart is wide enough, to take to its embrace the whole family of mankind.

The tendency and design of humility is to persuade us to cultivate and practice it—it is not an easy duty. It is not only opposed to many of the favorite maxims of the world, but to many of the most powerful propensities of our own hearts. Think then more of your faults, and less of your virtues.

THE REPOSITORY.

[Extracts from a Lawyer's Port-Folio.]

AN ASSIGNMENT.

During one of the long vacations in the last century, a young man in an ordinary hunting-dress, with a single dog by his side, was stopped in his stroll through an obscure glen by a very singular object. The sides of this glen were so steep and lofty, that they hardly admitted light enough to discover the course of a stream, more noisy than deep, which ran among broken rocks under natural arches. A narrow unfrequented road led into the depths of the valley, where a grey horse was quietly grazing, and at a little distance a man in black, sat on one of the stones in the middle of the brook in a composed and meditative attitude. A position so extraordinary, attracted the sportsman's attention, and he inquired, in a courteous accent, if the place afforded good sport for an angler. The solitary student raised his hat, and replied, in a peculiar tone of gravity, "Sir, I am discriminating."

His observer hazarded a remark on the inconvenience of his seat, for the water was now flowing rather above the stones, but the man in black answered, "You are mistaken, sir!—any place is fit for discrimination.—If you were a lawyer, sir, you would know, that on all occasions it is fitting and necessary to discriminate.—If you are a trustee, and the estate is charged with debts—let the creditors wait.—If you have an executorship, and the legacies are clamorous, keep the funds while you discriminate—for a few years. Now the business in question is an Assignment—certain heritors in this country have assigned, granted, deponed, and made over sundry lands, tenements, and annual rents, to a certain person for the benefit of certain foresaid; and now, sir, Auld Mahoun is it in if this person cannot keep this estate himself all his life, provided he takes a man of business into keeping (too, and discriminates properly." "Pardon me," said the young sportsman, laughing: "if I think the most interesting point just now is how to discriminate between a wet coat and a dry one—and I have not the honor of knowing the person you call Auld Mahoun."—"If that bag you carry was a bag of bricks," replied the gentleman in the brook, "I flatter myself you would be very well acquainted with him. In South Britain, sir, his usual cognomine is Nicholas or Harry senior, and, as old Bishop Latimer truly said, he is the best lawyer of us all, for he never misses his business."

Though the young stranger could not determine whether his new acquaintance was influenced by wine or insanity, there was something so ridiculously contrasted in the gravity of his discourse and the seat he had chosen, that he thought the sport of shooting well exchanged for this scene. Perceiving his attentive air, the black gentleman resumed his oration: "In the church of St. Benignus, at Dijon, there is the statue of a queen with one foot resembling a goose's; and one of my merry clients, sir, wrote under it—this is the law—but as three such statues may be found in France, the jest might be extended to other professions."

"Sir," answered the youth, bowing, "when a client jests, his lawyer must be an honorable one."—"Very true, young gentleman, a merry client is a rarity: but heirs and executors never joke so well with lawyers as with physicians, because our mistakes are above ground, and a physician's are under it.—Sir, you look as if you thought mine were likely to be under water, but this brook is a copy of my bill in chancery—always running—running—running on; and I am where I choose to be, among troubled waters." Before he could articulate the word, he fell from his seat into the water, and remained motionless.

The stranger stood aghast at this tragical conclusion of the farce, and made fruitless attempts to raise the body, which cramp or spasms had distorted. He succeeded, however, in drawing it out of the stream, whose chillness had probably occasioned the disaster; and perceiving the grey horse saddled and bridled as if it had belonged to this unfortunate man, he mounted him, and leaving his dog to guard the body, rode to the town of K—, about two miles distant, to seek assistance. It was still a very early hour in the morning, and the master of an obscure inn, with two or three laborers, rose to accompany him back. Much time was lost by their hesitation, and when they reached Glencraig, the stranger's body was gone, and the dog lay dead beside the brook.—Grief and astonishment were the young man's only feelings; but his companions viewed and questioned him with evident suspicion. The brook ran rapidly through the glen, deepening and growing broader till it reached the bay near K, where the small river Dee joins the western sea. One of the spectators followed its course, and discovered a pocket-book floating, and not yet entirely moistened. Its contents had probably been rifled, as it now contained only the rough draft of an assignment, in which blanks were left for dates and the names of persons and places. There was much agitation in the youth's features, when he saw this document, and his seeming anxiety to keep it in his own possession increased the wary Scotch Innkeeper's suspicions. He conveyed him instantly to the Provost of K, whose questions were answered with obvious confusion and incoherence. His name, he said, was Evan M'Querie, and his place of abode a small farm on the neighboring coast, which he had tenanted a few weeks. He could not, or would not, give any references for his character: and the steward of the Nobleman whose land he held, only knew that he came from England, and had paid a half-year's rent in advance. If he was acquainted with more, he did not venture to communicate it, and a most suspicious obscurity gathered around Evan. The ambiguity and reserve of his statements respecting his family and former life, his sullenness, and ill-concealed anxiety, justified the prejudice which arose against him. He imputed the stains on his apparel to the sport he had pursued on that fatal morning, but bills of large amount on the bank of Scotland were found upon him, and the lost stranger's pocket-book had in its inner recess a pencilled list of bills, whose dates and value appeared to have been hastily effaced. And a silver penknife which tallied with the dog's mortal wound, was found in Glencraig, with the initials E. M. Evan professed that his house had been robbed a few nights before, by two of the privileged mendicants still frequent in Scotland, and begged the magistrate to observe that the collar of his dog had been stolen since he left it near the brook. But this excuse would have availed little, had not the most rigorous search been insufficient to recover the body; and the stranger's death being thus rendered uncertain, the suspected prisoner was released after a long delay, but without whispered hints of bribery, which pursued him to the obscure dwelling where he lived with only one servant in abhorred solitude.

I returned, about the close of the eighteenth century, from a long absence in the West Indies, and found myself charged with some professional duties which required my presence in Scotland. One of these duties was to ascertain the truth of some mysterious rumors respecting a wreck said to have happened on the western coast; and my visit to a Nobleman in that neighborhood enabled me to make inquiries. He informed me that Evan M'Querie had purchased from him the land he formerly tenanted and was considered wealthy, though his mode of life was sordid and laborious. Part of his wealth was generally ascribed to the mysterious affair of Glencraig, and part to the wreck of a small trading vessel on the coast which his estate bordered.

"Sir," answered the youth, bowing, "when a client jests, his lawyer must be an honorable one."—"Very true, young gentleman, a merry client is a rarity: but heirs and executors never joke so well with lawyers as with physicians, because our mistakes are above ground, and a physician's are under it.—Sir, you look as if you thought mine were likely to be under water, but this brook is a copy of my bill in chancery—always running—running—running on; and I am where I choose to be, among troubled waters." Before he could articulate the word, he fell from his seat into the water, and remained motionless.

dered. Advertisements in provincial papers had offered large rewards for a certain trunk supposed to contain the jewels and purse of a young English heiress, who had sailed in that unfortunate vessel to join the unknown adventurer she had married clandestinely. The crew and passengers had perished; but Evan M'Querie, who was supposed to visit the coast nightly at that period in expectation of contraband consignments, had, probably, found the chest among less valuable articles which the waves had thrown on shore. Very soon after, he became a proprietor instead of farmer; and strange rumors were whispered of the cautious and deep solitude he seemed to seek. The event of the wreck had long since ceased to be a subject of conversation, and on inquiries had been pursued: therefore the elder neighbors surmised that the Laird M'Querie had begun to relax in his precautions, as his female servant had been seen at kirk and market, in remnants of yellow lace and silk gloves, which were deemed a part of the spoils found in the lost bridal chest. My curiosity was excited by these details, and my friendly host supplied me with a pretext to visit the suspected man in his own mansion. It stood at the foot of an unsightly hill, half-encircled by a rude plantation of dwarf firs in a hollow, sloping towards the rocky cove celebrated in the legends of shipwreck. The swampy and neglected grass-plot before the door, fenced on one side by an irregular peat-stack, and on the other by a half-ruined tenement for poultry, indicated the squalid habits of its master.—He opened the door himself, fearing perhaps to trust a stranger with the decrepit female who officiated as his only domestic: and finding that I came on manorial business from his neighbor, he conducted me into a room fit for the residence of a man who hated because he feared his fellow-creatures. Evan now appeared in more than his fortieth year; and though his person was grown broad and robust, his height was greatly diminished by the constant stoop of his head and the contraction of his chest. The dark brown acquired by labor in the sun and wind, could not entirely cover a greenish sallowness in his complexion, and his thick black hair was streaked with grey. Shunned by his few neighbors, he had adopted the clownish dress and hoarse accent of his dependents; and a kind of scornful fierceness mingled with the anxiety which I could perceive in his eyes when he viewed me askance. My dog, who had followed me reluctantly into this gloomy house, after scenting the wooden panels of its owner's close bed, and looking wistfully at the oat cakes and fish hung over the smoked ingle, couched himself with great caution on the hearth. The Laird glanced at his collar, and asked leave to examine its inscription: "Nec deficit alter."—"That, as you may perceive by the initials," said I, "is not the motto of my family; and if it was changed into 'Nec deficit alter,' it would be more appropriate, perhaps, to the real owner." The blue gloom of Evan's eyes threatened lightning at this speech, but I had considered my purpose and pursued it.—"My business in Scotland is to inquire if any traces have been preserved of the wreck which occurred here more than sixteen years since. The daughter of a Northumbrian baronet is supposed to have perished on this coast, and her father before his death assigned his estates to me in trust for her benefit, and for his distant relatives in the event of her disease without offspring. A provision is also allotted to her husband, if he survives her; but it seems most probable that he shared her fate in the foundered sloop. I am authorized to give an ample recompense to any one who can trace or restore the chest which accompanied her." The Laird's complexion changed, and his agitation strongly resembled guilt.—"Mr. M'Querie," I continued, in a stern tone, "this silver knife is Ellen Maxwell's—perhaps you found it among the relics of the wreck?—He grew paler, but his eye became more intrepid, and he seemed collecting his strength for a desperate effort.—"This," said he, after a long pause, "is another result of the prejudice against me. That knife was mine long before the wreck, and was in the hands of a magistrate on an occasion even more melancholy. I am innocent of both the crimes imputed to me.—This ready consciousness of suspicion implied more than innocence, and I again offered a premium for the surrender of the jewels, adding that I saw the chest itself under the panels of his bed. He rose, and advanced towards me with a startling and suddenness. "Though you have entered my house to disturb my reputation, you will not find it so easy to disturb my property. Chance threw

that chest into my hands, and I keep it by the right of a husband: Ellen Maxwell was my wife."

This unexpected confession deranged all the gravity of my professional face, and I shook him cordially by the hand, with a smile which, I suppose, recalled the youthful expression of my features. He gave a cry of transport, and embraced me. It was not easy for me to recover voice enough to tell him, that when my stupor of intoxication and epilepsy had induced him to leave me in Glencraig, I had been found by two vagrant beggars, who probably destroyed the dog before they robbed me. I recovered my senses in sufficient time to see them hastening down the glen; but having no recollection of the place where my horse had been left, or of anything that had passed before my trance, I made haste to reach the town of K, where I found the vessel in which my passage to Liverpool was secured on the point of sailing. Her boat received me before I entered the town, and I left Great Britain for the West Indies without leisure or inclination to inquire after the robbers, and without any memorial of the adventure except the collar of the faithful dog who had died in my defence. "You see," concluded I, "my old habit of discriminating remains; and as your father-in-law died lately without revoking his assignment, it will enable me to shew my gratitude for the hazard you incurred in Glencraig, which I never knew till to-day; and to prove that a lawyer may love justice, though he may be found sometimes among troubled waters."

Evan M'Querie soon furnished me with documents sufficient to certify his marriage with the lady I have mentioned. He had hired the small farm-house of Glencraig for her reception when he came incognito to Scotland, and her untimely death on the coast where she had hoped to meet him, added to the disgraceful prejudice raised against him, occasioned the deep seclusion to which he retired. He emerged from it with a retrieved name and an ample competence, which atoned for undesired sufferings, and proved the fallibility of circumstantial evidence.

For myself, I must confess, that on the eventful morning which began this narrative, my imagination was bewildered by the splendid profits derivable from the assignment. My narrow escapes from death arrested and chastised my wandering thoughts, with a force which would have been doubly awful had I then discovered that I owed it to the man whose property I was tempted to infringe.—Since that period, though the law has guarded the instrument called an assignment, with infinite formalities and precautions, I have never considered it in the course of my professional career, without wishing that such a warning may befall every man who executes or receives a deed of trust.

COL. AARON BURR.

Who some years ago occupied so large a space in the public arena, is now a practising lawyer at the New-York bar. He sustains a very high reputation for talents and legal acquirements; and is in independent circumstances. A casual visitor in the city, who chooses to pass an hour or two in the vicinity of Tammany Hall, will generally notice a small, delicate, white-haired man, moving about in meditative mood, alone, and noticing no one—a man whose keen eye and expressive countenance, where age has in vain struggled to quench the fire of genius, and whose appearance, bespeaking the finished gentleman, will arrest all his attention. That man is Aaron Burr—who was one day Vice President of the United States; the next a fugitive from the blood of Hamilton; at another time mounted on the whirlwind of revolution, and meditating the dissolution of the Union and the building up of a southern monarchy; and then, a prisoner, answering to the charge of high treason at the bar of his country. A man, who, perhaps, considered with reference to the powers of mind alone, had no superior;—has no superior. But he left the path of honorable virtue; and he is, what you may see him—a solitary being in the midst of society; pointed out to the passing stranger as a mere object of curiosity.—Trenton Emporium.

BENEFIT OF WHISKERS. During a thunder storm, the lightning struck a building in Danesburg, where many persons were assembled, and played round the head of a gentleman, scorching his whiskers, which were so thick as to protect his face. Nat. Reg.

[From the New-York Enquirer.]
THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The project of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by an artificial channel, from the Gulf of Mexico to the opposite coast, has for more than a century been a favorite speculation of enterprising minds. The vast economy of time and peril which such a scheme would necessarily produce, has enlisted in its support many who were not so likely to be attracted by the chances of personal profit. Hence it is that we can scarcely take up a book relating to that district which is now called Central America without meeting a discussion of the subject. In more recent times, since the Spanish domination (under which no useful or generous enterprise could ever be commenced) has been swept away, the project has been re-agitated with greater chances of success. A company, two or three years ago, was formed in London, and agents were sent out to treat with the government of Central America. About the same time, another company was instituted in the United States, whose proposals were submitted and have been accepted. Some journals, which speak very confidently on very scanty data, have asserted that the proposals of the U. S. company were accepted because greater reliance was placed upon its managers and conductors. The English company demanded "the privilege of navigating the canal for thirty-five years with steam-boats, and half the proceeds for fifteen years." The American company demanded only twenty years privilege, and seven years of half proceeds. Again, the first proposals required that the republic should acknowledge the capital invested in the Canal as a debt, and pay it, at all events, by assessments on the people. The others, agree that two-thirds of the proceeds shall be made answerable for the capital invested, and that the other third shall immediately accrue to the Republic without any cost, and that afterwards she is to receive the whole amount of the tolls. From this it clearly appears that the American Company's terms were infinitely more advantageous than those of the English speculators. This and this alone, is the reason why they were accepted. If any feelings of national jealousy or national preference had actuated the Republican government, the consequences would probably be detrimental to the project.

Of the immense advantages to the Republic and to the general commerce of the world, not a doubt can exist. At present that and the adjacent districts, though remarkable for salubrity of climate and fertility of soil, are wholly unproductive. The expense and difficulty of bringing produce to market, are insuperable obstacles to the full cultivation of the natural blessings of the country. A speedy and enormous augmentation of territorial value, will be the result of this canal. The actual revenues of Honduras and Nicaragua, are inadequate to the support of these States. The deficiency is to be made up by contributions levied on the people. It is scarcely possible to imagine any other way of relieving the people and enriching the States, than by the cultivation of this new channel for commercial enterprise and this new market for agricultural produce. The many beneficial effects of the project are enumerated in the Committee's report, in very sanguine (but we think not too sanguine) language.

The next question is, its feasibility. We have not read the plans nor seen the surveys of the company. An inspection of the map, however, and a perusal of two or three works on the subject, have convinced us of its practicability. From the Atlantic to the Gulf of Papagayo, on the Pacific, is about 195 or 200 miles. Throughout the whole of that distance the country is generally level. The facilities of communication are very great, from a connected line of streams or lakes. The river San Juan has its estuary into the Atlantic in 10, 45, N. latitude, its source is in the lake of Nicaragua. From the western extremity of this lake there is a small river which runs into the lake of Leon. Several small rivers run from lake Leon into the Pacific. Thus it appears that the whole of the way may be at present made by water. The mouth of San Juan is obstructed by bars, but there is one passage about 25 feet depth, and within the bar is an anchorage ground of five or six fathoms. Schooners and brigs, even now, go from the ocean to lake Nicaragua. This lake is about 170 miles in length and 65 in breadth. It has, throughout, from 3 to 8 fathoms of water. Lake Leon is, we believe, about 20 miles distant, and the ground through which the connecting stream runs is very flat. This stream could be, without much difficulty, made navigable. From Leon to the Pacific is 13 miles. It is supposed, we understand, that the best opening on the Pacific side, would be somewhere in the Gulf of Papagayo. The anchorage here is good, and the water of sufficient depth up to the very shores. On the shores of Nicaragua are two cities—Leon and Granada. The former contains somewhere about 6000 inhabitants. It was formerly the capital of the province.

From these statements our readers may form some notion of the nature and

probable fate of this project. For ourselves, though we are not very sanguine, we think it will (and should) succeed.

MR. JEFFERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter from Mr. Jefferson was addressed to Dr. Stuart of New-York, and contains opinions on a very important subject—one that at the present moment, occupies a large share of public attention, and doubtless some good may arise from their publicity:

Monticello, May 10, 1817.

DEAR SIR—Your favor, April 25th, is duly received. I am very sensible of the partiality with which you are so good as to review the course, I have held in public life; and I have also to be thankful to my fellow-citizens for a like indulgence generally shewn to my endeavors to be useful to them. They give quite as much credit as is merited to the difficulties supposed to attend the public administration. There are no mysteries in it; difficulties indeed sometimes arise, but common sense and honest intentions will generally steer thro' them; and where they cannot be surmounted, I have ever seen the well-intentioned part of our fellow-citizens sufficiently disposed not to look for impossibilities. We all know that a farm, however large, is not more difficult to conduct than a garden, and does not call for more attention or skill. I hope, with you, that the policy of our country will settle down with as much navigation and commerce only as our exchanges will require, and that the disadvantage will be seen of our undertaking to carry on that of other nations.—This indeed may bring gain to a few individuals, and enable them to call off from our farms more laborers to be converted into lackies and grooms for them, but it will bring nothing to our country but wars, debt and dilapidation. This has been the course of England, and her examples have fearful influence on us. In copying her, we do not seem to consider that like promises induce like consequence. The bank mania is one of the most threatening of these imitations; it is raising up a monied aristocracy in our country, which has already set the government at defiance, and although forced at length to yield a little on the first essay of their strength their principles are unyielded and unyielding. These have taken deep root in the hearts of that class from which our legislators are drawn, and the sop to Cerberus from fable, has become history. Their principles lay hold of the good, their pelf of the bad, and thus, those whom the constitution had placed as guards to its portals, are sapiently as suborned, from their duties. That paper money has some advantage must be admitted, but its abuses also are inevitable, and by breaking up the measure of value, make a lottery of all private property, cannot be denied. Shall we ever be able to put a constitutional veto on it? You say I must go to writing history. While I was in public life I had no time, and now that I am retired I am past the time. To write history, requires a whole life of observation, of inquiry, of labor and correction. Its materials are not to be found among the ruins of a decayed memory. At this day I should begin where I ought to have left off. The *solus senectutem equum*, is a precept we learnt in youth, but for the practice of age, and were I to disregard it, it would be but a proof the more of its soundness. If any thing has ever merited to me the respect of my fellow-citizens, themselves I hope will wish me not to lose it, by expressing the decay of faculties of which it was the reward.

I must then, dear sir, leave to yourself and your brethren of the rising generation, to arraign at your tribunal the actions of your predecessors, and to pronounce the sentence they have merited or incurred. If the sacrifices of that age have resulted in the good of this, then all is well, and we shall be rewarded by their approbation, and shall be authorized to say, 'go ye and do likewise.' To yourself I render, personally, the assurance of great esteem and respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

J. B. STUART, Esq.

LITERARY.

ANNUAL HISTORY OF CONGRESS. We are glad to see that the *National Journal* has commenced its history of the last Congress. That of the previous session was executed in a very faithful manner; and we doubt not but the present sketch will be equally as acceptable to the public.—*Bost. Trav.*

A young lady of the name of Miss Francis, has commenced a new periodical work in Boston, called the "Juvenile Miscellany." She is the authoress of "The Rebels," "Hobomok," "Evenings in New-England," &c.

Our countryman Washington Irving, is at Madrid, where he is engaged upon the life of Columbus, now nearly finished.

Four volumes of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Bonaparte* are in press, at London, and will shortly be presented to the reading public. The work is to consist of six volumes—two of which are introductory—and the remaining four devoted to the character of the Emperor.—*Ref. States.*

FOREIGN.

London papers to the 11th August, have been received in New-York.—The following extracts are made from them.

The internal affairs of the European nations continued to improve slowly; and trade was gradually recovering from the prostration it received from former extensive failures.

Thirty-five of the Russian Conspirators had been condemned to suffer death, and five of the subalterns were hung the next day after the pronouncement of the judgment.—The Princes implicated in the plot were perhaps reserved for a more honorable death.—*Bost. Cent.*

Paris, Aug. 15. The Emperor Nicholas, (who has left St. Petersburg for Moscow to receive coronation,) has announced by Manifesto the judgment of the High Judicial Court for the trial of the late Conspirators. It announces, that in the detection of them, "fathers have armed themselves with inexorable severity against their children, and nearest relatives have given up the wretches suspected of being accomplices." Much as we detest Conspiracy and Murder, we detest the above reported unnatural conduct.

All the Foreign Ambassadors are preparing to proceed to Moscow to be present at the Coronation, which will be unusually splendid.

London, Aug. 18. The *Courier* announces, that orders have been sent to the Colonies in the West-Indies, to close the ports of those colonies against the vessels of the United States, after the first of December next, the government of this country having declined to reciprocate the terms of the act of parliament for regulating the trade of the colonies with foreign countries.

The *Times*, in remarking on this event, says, it is a just retaliation, as the United States have refused to admit British vessels coming from the West-Indies into their ports, on paying the same duties as American vessels coming from the same quarter; but does not believe that it will create any disturbance of the political harmony or commercial intercourse between the two countries in other respects; or that any serious alarms need be entertained on the subject.

The *Times* asserts, that the deficiency in the Customs for the current quarter has been not less than 100,000*l.* weekly compared with the last year!

State of Trade. The improvement of the state of trade in Manchester continues; and the unemployed at Sheffield, are relieved by liberal contributions. At Leeds the improvements in the woolen and worsted trades were progressive. Birmingham has suffered but little compared with other great manufacturing towns.

In Manchester and Salford, there are thirty thousand individuals who receive relief from the subscription fund, in addition to those who are partly supported out of the poor's rates. These rates, including £10,000 paid by the County, amount to £50,000 per annum, and fall at present as a tax on rental to the extent of 3*s.* in the pound.

Distress is making rapid strides through Ireland and has reached a fearful height in the city of Cork. The misery and destitution may be seen in the hundreds of skeleton wretches who are gliding about the streets, unable, except by supplicating postures, to solicit relief. The harvest is said to be unprecedentedly deficient in the articles which supply the poor man's subsistence, and the prices of provisions are daily advancing. There have been alarming tumults at Dublin, and that city still continues in a very disturbed state.—There does not appear to be any increase of distress in England or Scotland.—*Boston States.*

The right of Suffrage in Germany. An article from the *Algemeine Zeitung*, dated Mainz, July 27, states, that the election of a new Chamber of Deputies was going on in the Duchy of Hesse, but so slowly, that the magistrates thought it necessary to issue a circular to the citizens, threatening to publish the names of those who do not exercise their political rights, by voting for the choice of Deputies. In some towns the magistrates have been obliged to send police officers and soldiers to the houses of the voters, to fetch the polling papers, which by the constitution they should deliver themselves. In other places no votes have been given, and in Upper Hesse, the people have positively refused to have any thing to do with the election for a new Chamber of Deputies.—*Boston Weekly Messenger.*

Paris, Aug. 11. We have news from Greece to the 29th of July—it is of a very unsatisfactory nature for that country. The Greeks are less united than ever. The new Government has less energy than the old. It has just removed to a small island, Bougy, opposite Napoli, which is still occupied by the Suliots and Romelots, who are not willing to deliver up the fort until they receive their arrears.

Several villages of Attica have surrendered to the Turks. Ibrahim is directing his attention to

the Mainotes, who have never left their mountains to relieve the other Greeks, nor have never received any succor from them.

The American squadron under Com. Rogers, is in the Dardanelles. Lieut. Gen. Pauciceci is at Smyrna, with the naval Austrian division. Vice Admiral Neale is there also.

LORD COCHRANE'S SQUADRON. Paris papers inform, that a corvette of 36 guns, and two armed steam-boats of Lord C's squadron, arrived at Napoli on the 3d July, and were to rendezvous at Cerigo, (an island to the southward of the Morea), from which it was conjectured, that the first object of his Lordship would be an attack on the Egyptian fleet at Navarino.

The sailing of the steam vessels from England, which have cost the poor Greeks, or their friends, so much money, has been delayed by the most glaring defects in their machinery, arising probably from the scandalous frauds of the Contractors.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

"Trieste, July 23. There are still sad divisions among the Greek Leaders; but the ship-owners are cordially disposed to act under Lord COCHRANE.—They have 235 sail of vessels, mounting about 400 guns, and manned by 14,000 of the best of seamen, the most experienced of which will probably be sent on board the ships under his Lordship's command. The owners of the Greek piratical vessels have been declared to be traitors to the Greek Government.

"The English, Austrian, and French squadrons have collected in the vicinity of Milo, to protect the commerce of their respective nations. One hundred and fifty Greek vessels, of all sizes, have assembled at Hydra, to put themselves under the direction of Lord COCHRANE."

"Constantinople, July 3. The tranquillity of this city is as perfect as could be expected after the great events which have recently occurred. The Sultan, surrounded by his Ministers, is in continual activity to give stability to the new order of things. All the ceremonies of Religion are rigidly observed in order to satisfy the good Musselmans, that the changes effected are purely military, and that the ancient faith of the Prophet has suffered no diminution. The reports from the Provinces and from Asia Minor, are very contradictory. Some assert, that the *Mutis*, and the *Imans*, therein, are opposed to the new discipline of the troops; while others maintain, that they perfectly accord in the measures adopted by the Head of the *Ulema* in the capital, in obedience with the doctrines of the Koran."

"The arrests, trial, and execution of the leaders in the late rebellion, continue as they are discovered."

Constantinople Aug. 3. The most perfect tranquillity prevails in this city. The standard of the Prophet is still displayed. The Sultan is proceeding with rapid strides to the attainment of his object as regards the organization of the new army, and the punishment of the rebels. 40,000 are already enrolled. The destruction of the leaders of the Janizaries continues night and day; and those of *Adrianople*, and other cities, as was expected, have signified their obedience to the laws of their sovereign. The Sultan has attended in person the exercise of the new army. He has abolished several pieces of etiquette, which kept him at too great a distance from his Ministers. He has also abolished the punishment of confiscation. There exist no fears in any well informed minds, of the complete establishment of the great plan of the Sultan, without any further opposition. The energy and promptitude which have distinguished all his conduct are subjects of general observation and admiration.

They write from Constantinople that the Sultan pursues his plan of reform with great energy. They continue to destroy daily the habitations of the Janizaries. The Janizaries of the provinces have been struck with terror, and all those of the large towns succumb without a murmur. Already the new army of the Porte amount to 40 thousand men.

The provincial Pachas are ordered to send to the capital quotas of troops. Constantinople is changed into a camp. It is said that the inactivity of Ibrahim Pacha in Greece is a concerted plan between his father, the viceroy of Egypt, and himself.

The latest intelligence from Constantinople is to the 10th July, at which time every thing was quiet in that capital, and the enthusiasm in favor of the new order of things, generally prevalent, particularly among the *Ulemas*.

The number of students admitted to the Harvard University, at the late commencement, was 43 Freshmen—7 Sophomores, and 3 Juniors. Whole number 53.

COCHRAN. A late writer asserts that the number of God annually caught on the Grand Banks, the coast of Labrador, and Gulf of St. Lawrence, exceed four hundred millions, without the least apparent diminution of the species.

DOMESTIC.

ARKANSAS—Indians. A letter from Miller Court-House, Arkansas Territory, dated August 3d, mentions that a party of six men, who had obtained a permit from the commandant at Fort Towsen to go into Buffalo range for their health, journeyed for about two days, when they perceived a party of Osages making towards them. At first they determined to give them battle, but finding the number of Indians about thirty, declined a contest, and all retreated except two, who were taken prisoners, and stripped of all their clothing except their pantaloons. The Indians took a pack mule and horse, and after abusing the prisoners with blows from the tomahawks, turned them loose and let them come home, but followed them to the settlement and stole some horses.—*Amer. Sent.*

Intelligence from Arkansas Territory has been received at Washington as late as Aug. 17. The Indians had committed another depredation upon the Whites of Miller County. A convention of Indians was to be held at St. Louis on the 13th Sept. consisting of delegates from the Osages, Che, Delawares, Shawnees, and Kickapoo Indians, for the purpose of endeavoring to effect an amicable adjustment of the differences at present existing between them, and which has for some time past been expected to break out into an open rupture.—*Bos. States.*

The *Nachitoches* paper of Aug. 14th, mentions, on the authority of a gentleman from Texas, that Captain Clark and his family, consisting of his sister with two children, his nephew, a Spanish boy, and three friendly Indians, who had encamped three leagues on this side of the Brasos, on their return to Teyac, were attacked by a party of Wayos and Tavanika Indians, and murdered.—Judge Tate, who was in company with them, made his escape after receiving four or five wounds.

The same paper states that a party of hunters had been attacked near the Pawnee Village on Red River, by a party of Osage Indians, who took two of the party, stripped them of their clothing, whipped them most unmercifully, and ordered them back.—*Amer. Sent.*

KENTUCKY—Canals. The work on the Louisville and Portland Canal is progressing rapidly. About 800 men are employed, and there is no doubt of its being completed by the time stated in the contract, 1st November, 1827. *Minor Reporter.*

The Delaware and Hudson Canal. It is stated in the *Sullivan Whig*, that this Canal will be completed in the course of six weeks; unless impeded by some untoward circumstance. The company have it in contemplation to let the water in this season, and run a boat through the whole line of the canal.

Blackstone Canal. The late unfavorable weather has considerably retarded the work on the canal, particularly the building of locks, so that less will probably be completed this season than was expected. The line of the canal has been located and staked out for some time, except about fourteen miles from the lower end of this village to Dunn's Mills, in Northbridge. The location of this portion was commenced yesterday, and will probably be completed shortly. From the work already done, and the contracts which have been made, it is supposed the whole work will be done within the original estimate, including damages. The locks, instead of wood, as was at first contemplated, are to be built of stone.—*Wor. Spy.*

Providence, Sept. 7. We believe it may be safely said, the Manufactures of Rhode-Island were never in a more flourishing condition since the war than at this period. They yield, not an extravagant, but a certain profit under good management, and are placed on a basis completely independent of the fluctuations of foreign markets, or the caprices of trade. In the coarse fabrics, foreign competitions are already out of the question, and the same encouragement is only wanting in the finer articles to place them on an equal footing. Something of this effect will be produced by the distresses in Europe, which from the inability there to furnish materials, will leave our own and the South American markets almost exclusively to the occupation of the American manufacturer.

SCARCITY IN NORTH CAROLINA. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago a portion of the citizens of North Carolina presented a petition to the Governor of that State, praying that an embargo might be laid on all the ports of the State, as a security against an apprehended famine. The groundless nature of those pretended apprehensions is sooner proved than we could have expected. The Raleigh Register of the 19th ult. gives the following information on the subject.—*B. W. Messenger.*

A friend who has travelled through several of the lower Counties of the State, informs us that the crops are most abundant. We believe that the public alarm on account of the apprehended

A letter from Arkansas Territory, mentions that a party obtained a permit at Fort Towson for a range for their cattle about two days, a party of Osages at first they decided to battle, but find Indians about thirty, and all retreated. The taken prisoners, their clothing excepted. The Indians horse, and after with blows from med them loose me, but followed and stole some

Arkansas Territory at Washington as Indians had come on the duty. A convention to be held at St. Sept. consisting of ages, Cheyenne, and Kickapoo Indians, endeavoring to adjust the existing between some time past out into an open

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OLINA. It will weeks ago a North Caroli- the Governor at an embargo e ports of the t an appre- hensions is ould have ex- ister of the- ving reforma- V. Messenger.

colled through units of the crops are most that the public apprehended

scarcity, has almost if not entirely sub- sided. Corn may be purchased in Fayetteville now at \$3.75 cents per bbl.

The General State Convention of New-York, for the nomination of Candidates for Governor, &c. on one side, is to be held at Utica on Thursday next. It will unquestionably nominate Gov. CLINTON for re-election.

Hos. Cent. 23d ult.

A late Virginia paper states, that Mr. P. P. Barnum will be a candidate for the 20th Congress in the district in Virginia represented by Mr. Taylor. It must therefore have been erroneously published that he was to be the candidate for Senator of Virginia in the room of Mr. JOHN RANDOLPH.—1b.

On the authority of private letters, the National Journal states that "Commodore Porter has entered upon the full discharge of his official duties as 'Commander in Chief of the Department and Squadron.' The Naval administration of Mexico is quite different from ours: it is divided into two departments, East and West, or rather, Atlantic and Pacific. The duties of Com. Porter are of a mixed character, somewhat like that of the Secretary of the Navy and Commander of the squadron. There are Juntas to attend to duties, similar to those of our Navy Commissioners, at which he presides. He has also the immediate superintendence of Navy Yards, and the regulation of the ports in the Gulf—the Harbor Masters being officers of the Navy, and also under his command. The Contrador General is an officer that answers, in some respects, to the Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, and stands at the head of the Purser's Department, who are all called Contrador; he is also in the character of Navy Agent, and is a member of the Economical Junta, or what may be styled Navy Commissioner. This affords a sort of outline of the Mexican Naval establishment."—Bost. States.

The National Advocate states that Sir Isaac Coffin, during his late visit to Nantucket, purchased a fine Academy for the purpose of educating all the children who are named Coffin and the descendants of Coffin. Five trustees are to be appointed, all of the name of Coffin, to superintend the affairs of the Institution. It is added that the Admiral has appropriated funds for the support of the Academy forever, and a gentleman of New-York who is a descendant from some of the Coffins at Nantucket, it is supposed will take charge of the school.—1b.

At the Phi Beta Kappa dinner in Boston, the Hon. Daniel Webster appeared with a toast four times, as follows:

"By Mr. Webster.—His Excellency the Governor. If the Republic of letters were a representative government, I guess as how we would choose him Governor."

"By Mr. Webster.—The Wit of the Phi Beta Kappa—"

"Which, like that fish by sailors met, Soars highest when its wings are wet."

"By Hon. Mr. Webster.—Robert Fulton, who had many respectable children, and among them a certain 'smoking Dutchman.' [There was a remark made near the head of the table that they who sat there had to labor at the oar, and work their passage alone.]

"Mr. Webster said he had passage that had been worked out before, and gave in substance from the Poem of the day,

"Our Country.—She has men who have heads, and women who have hearts; whether her inferior animals have tail or no tails."

The above are quoted verbatim from a newspaper published in Boston under the patronage of Mr. Webster. These learned men of the Phi Beta Kappa will have the goodness to translate them, so if they mean any thing, that meaning may be made to appear to us common men of the nether world. It cannot be that the "immortal man" had sipped too much—nectar! The Editor of the New-York Enquirer remarks on these toasts—"It is clear that Mr. Webster is the wit par excellence of the club. The 'I-guess as how,' is a beautiful idiom of his native talent. The second toast means, the drunker the wittier. The one about Fulton is delicate and gentlemanly. Robert Fulton has children— orphan children; the allusion is as pointed as it is manly and becoming. The other about men and women, and their heads and tails, we cannot well understand.—Mr. Webster's 'wings,' were probably very 'wet' at this hour of the night, and his wit 'soars' too high for our capacities. Beyond all comparison, the Congressman was the Joe Miller of the occasion." N. H. Patriot.

Large Churches. Rutgers-st Church, New-York, has 1025 communicants; 1st Church, Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, 900—Brick Church, New-York, 853; 2d Church, Philadelphia, 620; 1st Church, Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, 632; Orange, N. J. 596; Morristown, N. J. 635; Carlisle, Pa. 522; Troy, N. Y. 503. These are the only Presbyterian Churches in the United States that contain more than 500 members each.

The Northampton Gazette says, that the first Congregational Church in that town has about 650 communicants, and the Congregational Church in Belcher- town, had at 600 a few years since.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS...THURSDAY...OCT. 5...1826.

We rejoice in the prospect of a little quiet, after the stormy warfare of politics with which we have recently been visited. The exultation of anticipated victory—the mortification of probable defeat and the anxiety of doubt, have in a measure passed away. The arrows that hurled so fearfully, and the torches that fiercely blazed in the political atmosphere are quenched and silent. The rude wind that stirred our angry passions and lashed them into rage, has subsided into a comparative calm. It is not a little remarkable, that while upon some political questions, party distinctions seem to have been forgotten, or at least to have exerted no influence; on others, they should have been urged with a virulence and wildness, that brings back the memory of former times, when no man was neutral—when to differ, was cause of grief if not of hatred, among friends who would otherwise have been the most dear and estimable to each other.

With regard to the general government, there prevails if not unanimity, certainly little of that violent hostility—that unreasonable and unprincipled opposition, which has elsewhere displayed itself in the unrestrained ebullitions of political aspirants, and disappointed expectants. The most prominent candidate now held up in opposition to Mr. Adams, Gen. Jackson will probably expect, and certainly will receive little if any support in this State. That unqualified and undistinguishing zeal, which approves of all measures right or wrong, and that blind prejudice and unrelenting hate, which looks with a jaundiced eye upon measures the most wise and salutary, are equally to be deprecated. The one produces servile flattery and unmeaning approbation; the other noisy discontent and restless dissatisfaction with the government under which we live. The people, who are to choose their own rulers and to judge of the faithfulness or treachery with which they discharge their trust, ought to do it dispassionately and impartially;—with minds uninfluenced either by undue prejudice against, or too fond a predilection in favor of those who are responsible to them for their conduct. Let approbation be bestowed on such measures, and such alone, as deserve it. If errors are committed let them be pointed out and censured. We believe that no candid man, capable of judging for himself upon subjects of this nature, ever approved indiscriminately of all the measures of any administration: and we hope we may not in the brief space allotted to us, see the time, when an administration shall be placed at the head of our affairs, so perverse and abandoned, that their measures shall offer nothing, upon which the honest and upright can bestow their approbation. The people themselves, must be far sunk in the depths of degradation before a government will dare to so far stretch power into usurpation, as to violate their rights, or wantonly to neglect their interests. Their own virtues are the best guardian of a people's safety. More especially in a government like our own, where the people are the acknowledged sovereign power, they cannot be oppressed until they are first corrupted: So that if we suffer from the tyranny of rulers, we have to blame but ourselves.

Religious Papers. We have received the first number of a religious paper, published at New-York, entitled the "Christian Advocate." Though unwilling ourselves to subscribe to all the articles of its creed, yet we rejoice in the appearance of any thing which has a tendency to make men wiser or better; for the former must be done, in order to effectuate the latter. To all those engaged in a good cause, whatever difference there may be in the nonessentials—the penumbras of their creed, if others are likely to be made better men, or better citizens, by their labors, we will bid them Godspeed. This paper professes to be conducted with that candor and liberality, which must command the approbation of all honest men. It is executed in a neat and handsome style, the

selections are various and judicious, and we believe and hope it will meet with as much success, as the present competition will admit.

The October Term of the Supreme Judicial Court for this County, will be holden on Tuesday next.

A Probate Court will also be holden at the Probate Office on the same day.

INDIANA. By correct returns received, it is ascertained, that Thomas H. Blake has been chosen a Representative to the 20th Congress, vice Raliff Boone. Total votes for Blake 5222.—For Boone 513.—Mr. Boone voted for Gen. JACKSON in the Presidential ballot in Congress. Bost. Centinel.

ILLINOIS. Ninian Edwards, Esq. has been announced as elected Governor of the State, and Joseph Duncan, Esq. Representative to the 20th Congress.—1b.

Died.

In Athens, Deacon Joseph Lindsey, formerly of this town.

In Hebron, on the 25th ult. Albion, son of Cyrus Shaw, Esq. aged 2 years.

In Bangor, Mr. Peter G. Bailey, formerly of Buckfield, aged 26 years.

In Livermore, Mrs. Mary, wife of Gilbert Hathaway, aged 75 years.—Also, Mr. Amos Livermore, aged 60.

In Hallowell, Joseph Wingate, Esq. aged 75.

In Wayne, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Job Fuller, aged 78.

In Thomaston, Joseph Sprague, Esq. Counsellor at Law, and Cashier of Thomaston Bank, aged 38.

In New Portland, Mr. Ebenezer Jones, aged 40.

In New Vineyard, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Benjamin C. Norton, aged 20 years.

In Sutton, (Mass.) Dr. Stephen Munroe, aged 68.

In Worcester, Mrs. Polly Paine, wife of Mr. Gideon Paine, aged 41.

In Oxford, on the 24th ult. Capt. Solomon Harwood, aged 55.

In Western, on the 14th ult. Col. Dabforth Keyes, aged 86—a veteran of the old French war and of the revolution. In the former he was a sergeant, and in the latter he held a Colonel's commission.

At Carthagena, 24th July last, Hon. Richard Anderson, United States Minister to Colombia. He died while on his way to join the Congress at Panama.

JOSEPH G. COLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HAS taken the Office recently occupied by the Hon. EXOEN LINCOLN, where he will attend to such business as may be intrusted to his care. Paris, Sept. 23, 1826. 118

DR. ALBINA HALL

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Paris and its vicinity, that he has returned to the town, agreeable to previous arrangements, and taken a Room at Mr. S. NORRIS' Inn, opposite the Court-house, where he will be happy to attend to any business he may be favored with in the line of his profession; flattering himself that his qualifications are such as to entitle him to the confidence of the public.

The following is a copy of a writing which he received at the close of his business in Landaff, (N. H.) signed by the three Selectmen of the town and many others: "THIS CERTIFIES to whom it may concern, that Dr. ALBINA HALL has resided in the town of Landaff the term of three years and six months.—The subscribers hesitate not to say he has given general satisfaction in the Practice of Medicine and Surgery.—Dated at Landaff, Sept. 1826." Paris, Oct. 1, 1826. 118

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION A Fair and Candid Discussion, or Examination, of the much Controversial Doctrines of Partial, AND OF Universal Salvation.

In order more clearly to illustrate and prove the Truth of the latter, in a way that has not been done before, and to show how far it is from being a New Doctrine, not having been believed and preached till of late, as most people imagine, A HISTORY (so far as is necessary for those purposes) will be given of the doctrine of UNIVERSAL SALVATION, from the time it was first preached, to the present day: together with an account of all the principal or most eminent Preachers and Writers, who have advocated the same. It will also be clearly stated from whence the belief of never-ending misery originated; when and how it became introduced into the Christian Church, &c. &c. In the latter part of the Work will be inserted several curious Dialogues, and a number of instructive Anecdotes, illustrative of the previous subjects. And as the writer expects, soon to close all books forever, he will conclude with a Serious Address to his brethren, to all believers in God's universal, unlimited goodness and mercy.

By THOMAS BROWN, of ALBANY, (N. Y.) Author of the 'History of Shakers,' 'Ethereal Physician,' and 'History of the Jews.'

The several Works which the author has published, having given general satisfaction, and having been respectfully noticed by several reviewers, and other critical writers, he is the more encouraged to offer this, for public patronage.

CONDITIONS.

The Work will be printed on good paper, and with fair type, and contain about 400 pages duodecimo, well bound and lettered, for \$1.25 each.

Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore. Oct. 5.

A New Supply of Ritters' and Pomeroy's METALLIC RAZOR STRAPS, just received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. Aug. 31.

NOTICE!

HEREBY GIVEN—The Anniversary of the Tyrocinic Adelpi Society, will be celebrated on the eleventh day of October next. Exercises to commence at ten A. M. precisely. Oration to be pronounced by William Ladd, Esq. of Minot.

Per order of the President. GEORGE C. WHITNEY, Secretary of T. A. Society.

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Annual Exhibition of the students of Hebron Academy, will be on Wednesday, the 11th of October next.—Exercises to commence at one o'clock, P. M. precisely.

DR. J. HOLMES

OFFERS his services in any business in the line of the Medical Profession, trusting that his opportunities have been such as to encourage him confidently to engage in its duties.

Apply at his Room, at the House now occupied by Mr. Asa Robinson. Paris, Sept. 26, 1826. 117

SILVER & GOLD

PAID for Bills on the Kennebec Bank, at the Oxford Bookstore, if offered immediately. ASA BARTON, Agent.

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

ON the petition of THOMAS MERRILL, administrator of the estate of SEYMOUR L. LOMBARD, late of Hebron, in said County, deceased, representing that the Personal Estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of ninety-seven dollars and forty-four cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the Real Estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 118

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

ON the petition of STEPHEN HOLT, administrator of the estate of ASA HOLT, late of Weld, in said County, deceased, representing that the Personal Estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of ten hundred and sixteen dollars and forty-seven cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the Real Estate of said deceased, as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED.—That the Petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate by causing a copy of this Order to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

BENJ. CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 118

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six.

LEVI MERRILL, administrator, with the will annexed, on the estate of JOSEPH MERRILL, late of Livermore, yeoman, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED.—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 118

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—FRYEBURG.

THE Proprietors of the several Lots of Land in the town of Fryeburg, hereafter mentioned, are hereby notified that the same are taxed in the Tax Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector of said town, for the year A. D. 1825, to collect, in the several sums following, viz:

Names where known.	No. of Lots.	No. of Div.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Original Proprietors.
Owner unknown,	53	.	100	250	1 39	Joseph Frye.
Owner unknown,	2	2	103	324	1 77	Mark Stacy.
Owner unknown,	10	.	50	150	62	John Russell.
Enoch Pearly,	5	.	30	345	2 37	Olive Peabody.
	9	.	20	60	24	Samuel Ingalls.
Benj. G. Boardman,	7	5	40	80	51	" "
	13	.	40	60	51	" "
Owner unknown,	39	4	50	150	33	Moses Day.
Owner unknown,	25	.	30	90	33	Daniel Farington.
Owner unknown,	.	.	20	40	17	William Eaton.
Owner unknown,	27	4	38	176	99	Moses Day.
Owner unknown,	24	1	20	300	1 65	William Eaton.
Owner unknown,	39	2	100	400	2 33	James Hazeltine.
One half of lot,	31	.	20	240	49	Daniel Farington.
Owner unknown,	10	.	30	300	2 37	" "
	30	.	40	250	1 27	" "
Owner unknown,	10	.	70	150	62	John Russell.
Owner unknown,	31	5	20	50	07	William Eaton.
Owner unknown,	.	4	20	50	07	William Eaton.
Owner unknown,	14	.	25	40	05	William Eaton.
Owner unknown,	.	3	60	146	21	John Chandler, Jr.
Owner unknown,	.	4	60	146	21	John Chandler.
Owner unknown,	13	.	50	146	21	John Chandler.
Owner unknown,	24	.	50	225	32	Benjamin Russell.
Meadow Lot,	13	.	50	150	17	Ezekiel Walker.
Owner unknown,	13	1	30	500	72	Abiel Chandler.

If no person shall discharge said Taxes and all necessary intervening charges, on or before Monday the 30th day of JANUARY, A. D. 1827, at eleven of the clock before noon, so much of said Lands as will be sufficient to discharge the same, will then be sold at Public Auction to the highest bidder, at May, FAIRBANKS' Tavern in Fryeburg.

Dated at Fryeburg, this 25th day of September, A. D. 1826. 118

NEW FALL GOODS.

C. C. LYFORD

(At No. 6, Boyd's Buildings, Middle-street.)

HAS JUST RECEIVED

30 PACKAGES

British, French, American and India GOODS.

—AMONG WHICH ARE—

1400 yards Scotch & Tartan PLAINS.
1300 " Black, Color'd, & Figur'd BOMBASTETS.
3000 " CALICOES, elegant Patterns.
2500 " BROWN SHEETINGS, at 12 1-2 cts. per yard.
1300 " Do. Do. at 15 cts.
600 " Do. Do. at 12 1-2 cts.
1000 " BLEACHED SHEETINGS, from 1s. to 22 cts.
1500 " BLEACHED SHIRTINGS, from 12 1-2 to 20 cts.
750 " FACTORY GINGHAMS.
450 " BERTICINGS.
50 BLACK LACE VELS.
Blue, Black, Olive, Claret, Brown & Mixed Broadcloths; CASSIMERES; Ladies' Habit Cloths; Satinets; Flannels; Cambrics; Muslins; Linens; Ribbons; Nankin and Canton Crapes; Black Twilled Silks; Italian Silks; Black Figured Silks; Worsteds Hosiery; Fine assortment Gloves; Dimities; Norwich Crapes; Elegant London Bombazines, &c. &c. &c.

All of which are selling Rapidly

AT UNUSUAL LOW PRICES.—10

Portland, Sept. 1826. 6w 116

BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has recommenced the Blacksmithing Business, and has constantly for sale PLOUGHS, AXES, and other kinds of Work usually kept on hand in Blacksmiths' Shops.

All kinds of Custom Work done at short notice and on favorable terms for Cash or Credit. JACOB JACKSON. Paris, Oct. 2, 1826. 118

NOTICE.

TO BE SOLD at PUBLIC VENDUE, at the Dwelling-house of the late Mr. STEPHEN ROBINSON, in Paris, on Monday the thirtieth day of October instant; at ten o'clock in the forenoon—

7 Cows—1 yoke of five-year old Oxen—1 yoke of three-year old Steers—1 two-year old Heifer—4 two-year old Steers—6 Yearlings—1 yearling Colt—4 Calves,—200 bushels of good Rye of last year's crop—15 tons of Hay. LEVI WHITMAN, Admr. Oct. 2, 1826. 118

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Oxford, ss. TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on SATURDAY the fourth day of November next, at two o'clock P. M. at the Dwelling-house of Captain MOSE POWERS, in Jay—all the Right in Equity and Interest, which SAMUEL ASPINWALL, of Berlin, in the County of Oxford, Clockmaker, has in or to a FARM, on which the said Aspinwall last lived, in Berlin, now improved by CHARLES AUSTIN, the same being mortgaged to BENJAMIN JOY for \$150, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

JOSEPH ADDISON, Dep. Sheriff. Sept. 1, 1826. 118

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Paris, Oct. 2, 1826.

JOSEPH BANTER—William C. Brooks—John Butterfield—Capt. Stephen Blake—Patty Cary—Zenas Cary—Chandler Cushman—Elias Dun—Barnabas Faunce—Lewis Fuller—Rufus K. Goodenow—Joseph Hammond, Jr.—Lewis Hunt—David R. Hunsford—Lemuel Jackson—Isaac Mann—Cyrus B. Norris, 2—Simson Norris, 2—Simson Perkins—John Prince—Jacob Paine—Overseers of Poor, Paris—Joel Robinson, 3—Edmond Rogers—Louisa Starbord—David Twitchell. RUSSELL HUBBARD, P. M.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore: BROWN'S DROPS for Fits. This medicine has been the means of effecting several cures in this distressing disorder. Also—A Grange's celebrated OINTMENT for the cure of Staid Head, and other Cutaneous disorders. Aug. 31.

